

Wincobank Hall,
near Sheffield.

October 15. 1878.

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My dear W. Garrison,

How often it
has been in my heart
to write to you, but
when I had nothing
particular to say, I
felt that it would
be only an intrusion.
But now, I really
must write a few lines,
for you have been so
frequently in my

thoughts during the
last few days. I seem
to think that you must
be feeling as I am
feeling, in hearing
of the departure of
our beloved friend
George Thompson, for
the world of light, liberty
and love; - and that
a few words about
him, from one who
has admired and loved
and valued him for
nearly half a century,
may not be altogether
unacceptable.

It was impossible,
deliberately, to desire
the prolongation of a
life of such weariness
and suffering, - and we
must rejoice that,
freed from all the
troubles of this mortal
life, his emancipated
spirit is at rest in the
unclouded presence of
the Saviour he so truly
loved and trusted in.

In the old Anti-Slavery
and Anti-Corn Law strug-
gles, he was so frequently
our beloved, welcome

guest; and, in more recent years, his afflicted state has occupied many of my thoughts and excited my affectionate sympathy; so that tho' I rejoice and give thanks on his account, I cannot help, at the same time, feeling rather sorrowful. For this poor earth seems the poorer now that he is no longer here.

My dear Niece, Gertrude Wilson, who has been for some years a kind and intimate friend, saw dear W. Thompson a short time before his

(II)

his departure - She told me it was ^a beautiful sight, ever to be remembered. He was sitting up in bed, looking like ^a venerable patriarch, ^{with} his long silvery hair, - his eyes directed Heavenward, and his fine countenance expressive of calm, blissful adoration, as if he saw what others could not see, almost as if he had already passed the mysterious, separating veil. Gertrude stood for some time by the bedside without his ~~for~~ being aware of her presence.

I think one of his daughters directed his attention to her. He smiled, put out his hand, said two or three words which could not be understood, and immediately relapsed into a state of holy meditation and noticed her no more. It seemed to her, from the expression of his countenance, as if his intellects were bright and clear, and that he was capable of holding communion with his Heavenly

Father, through his en-
feebled frame, extreme
deafness, and difficulty
in articulating, were a
barrier to earthly inter-
course.

My Niece, for health's sake
(almost worn out with
her labours for the good
of her suffering fellow-
creatures), spent most of
the winter in Algiers, and
the spring in Switzerland,
so that I heard less than
usual of our dear friend,
and longing for more
tidings. I begged our friend
Mr. Graves, (whom you met
here) to go over & see him.

He went on June the 18th
and was the bearer of a
little birthday remembrance.
He found him sitting in
an arm-chair in his bed
room, looking weary and
exhausted, but, (I imagine
being interested in W. G.
remarks) he began after
a short time to revive,
and they had a delightful
interview, - painful as it
was to see one whose
eloquence had captivated
thousands, now scarcely
able to converse. When
W. G. rose to take leave, he
repeated near Sheffield. the benediction.

at Inverness - 1841.
The grace of the Lord Jesus
Christ, and the love of God

(III)

and the communion
of the Holy Ghost, be with
your spirit." And Mr.
Thompson taking his
hand and affectionately
pressing it between both
of his, said, "Say that on
your knees;" - and he rose
from his chair and knelt
down close to Mr. Graves,
that he might not lose a
word. And Mr. Graves says
that as soon as he con-
cluded he was surprised
by Mr. Thompson himself
offering up the most beau-
tiful, touching prayer, he
ever heard, expressive of
such deep, heartfelt hu-
mility and confession

of sinfulness, and at the same time such love and trust, and thankfulness to Him who had redeemed him with His precious blood, and on whom all our iniquities had been laid.

Some months ago, a lady who called on him thought he looked dejected and tried to cheer and comfort him by referring to his useful life, and implying that he could feel no fears in looking forward. He seemed

uneasy, and almost
interrupted her, by repeating
with strong emotion
"I the chief of sinners am,
But, Jesus died for me".

I always look back
with so much pleasure
and grateful feeling to
to the too short visit,
last year, from you and
your dear son. I have
your beautiful photo-
graphs before me, and
try to fancy I am en-
joying another call
from ^{you}. I trust you
are continuing to feel

The benefit I think
you derived, to your
health, from your visit
to England, and I trust
you will feel encouraged
to come again next year.

My Nephew, Henry Wilson,
a very active member
of the school-board, is now
in Germany, watching the
working of educational
establishments there.

My Sister and I are
tolerably well, and unite
in kindest regards.

With every good wish, and
the deepest reverence,
believe me, Yours most truly,

Mary A. Rawson